

MISS HURRYBACK

Here she comes now, highballing them burgers & beer
like ass, driving that roadhouse
like it was her own rig, fifteen forward gears
& air brakes pulling up opposite in a high wind

with her engine running, her trucker's eyes
flashing you like roadsigns at night, her signal coming
loud & clear as tailgates banging down, rattling off ^{across}
pies like billboards doing over a mile a minute.

Oh, Lord, how tired, how hungry. What a load to bear.
Let me pull over for just an hour of those perfumy
that settle in her wake. Her hairpins are sighing like ^{mysteries}
in that sweet prison for relief. The buttons down her ^{jailors}
whimper like flowers in a garden row to be put on the ^{front}
There's an eye in the clasp of her bra yearning to ^{table.}
wake unto me.
Oh, just this once, to rest in another man's pew,
the owner in the kitchen, maybe, dark & heavy, peering ^{out}
through chains of cigarettes & turning tabs. Or might be
the leather dude 'way at the end, scraping sugar
with the heel of his hand, sorry in his bottomless cup.

Damn, if she don't move behind that counter like a pinball,
shiny steel hips & tits coming at you flat out
to bump your bumper & ring your bell, score, hustle you
off to your destination a winner with cream & sugar,

Miss Hurryback, smiling at you from behind the register,
stroking your bill of lading with a ball point pen,
poking your keys, totalling you out
on somebody else's cash drawer thumping her on that belly,
right on her starched tips, a sack of coins, taking it
right out of you for what's under your belt,
ten red cents better'n a thin dime any time,
slam, bam, thank you ma'am, hurry back.

-- Donald Schenker

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